That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlicke in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In fayth he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well-read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Cooſen,
He holdes your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humour, fayth he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In fayth, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners be your ſpeed,
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladyes.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.
Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele